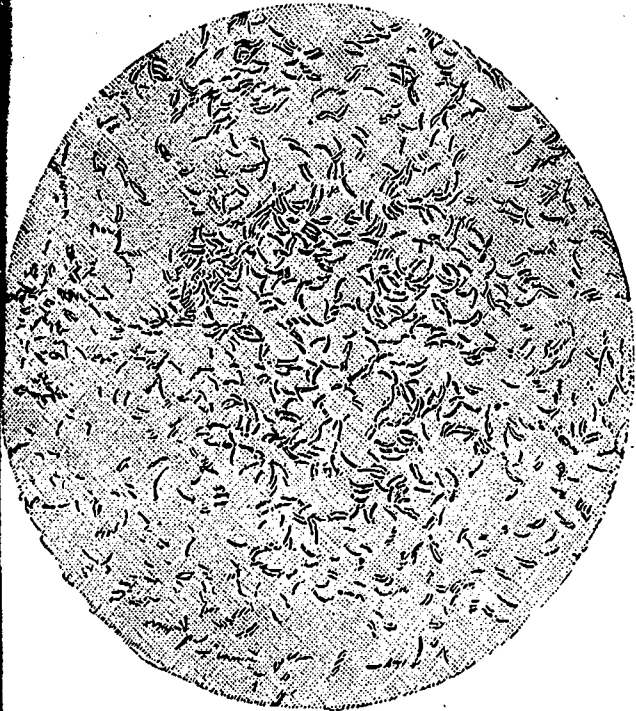


ering several hundred, had been watched and followed closely, the use of the remedy was extended to other forms of tuberculosis, and Koch felt that he could no longer withhold from his professional brethren, what he had so far been able to prove. It is the glory of the medical profession, that it holds no patents, and conceals no discoveries. But his matter is still one of experiment, and to guard against misuse, and to control results for a time, the composition of the remedy is kept secret. The



Microscopic view of cultivated *Bacilli*.

thick syrupy fluid is being supplied to hospitals as fast as it can be prepared, and already in New York, New Haven, and Montreal its effects are being studied. Koch, himself, is very modest in the claim which he makes for his plan as applied to the treatment of consumption. The disease must be early recognised, and none of the well known and established aids toward recovery, are to be neglected. He has been right in what he has told us in the past; he is honest and accurate; and so we wait in respectful expectancy, wishing him for the sake of our common humanity, fervently and sincerely, "God speed."

SELECTED LITERATURE

"Drop a Kind Word Now and Then."

THE weather had been unusually mild for two or three days before Christmas, therefore the ice of the big pond was rather rotten. Harry, however, was a daring fellow, and he thought he could brave it. Most boys are fond of a little risk, and he was no exception to the general rule. It would, he reasoned, be a pity to spoil the fun now, especially, too, as there were so many admiring eyes fixed upon him. He made a bold dash; his lithe little figure was balanced on the ice; then, alas! there was a crash. The dangerous piece gave way, and, with a loud cry, Harry fell amidst a rush of ice and water. The group at the window were struck dumb with fear. Then there was a rush for the pond. One and all ran screaming towards it. "He's under water, he's under water! Father, father! Harry's going under the ice!" Such was the terrified cry which was raised.

Every particle of color had gone from Farmer May's face. He trembled in each limb, and threw up his hands wildly. He appeared helpless. His strength seemed to have gone clean away from him. "What shall I do? what shall I do?" he cried. "My boy, my boy! And I can't swim."

"But I can," shouted a clear, loud voice; "I will save him!" and dashing past weeping Mrs. May, Joseph Craig plunged headlong into the freezing water, swimming for dear life. How they watched him! Breathless and excited, they eagerly watched him. They saw him grasp once, twice, at a dark object under the water, and then he rose, his face gashed and bleeding from contact with the ugly ice-corners! He was some way out now, and made a third dive. Then there was a faint hurrah, and, bursting the ice, he just, and only just, managed to swim to the bank. But hurrah! he was successful. His bold effort had not been in vain. With one arm he was holding up poor Harry.

"My child! my boy—thank God!" cried the happy father, pressing the son to his bosom. They bore him to the roaring fire in the sitting room, and rubbed him until he opened his eyes and smiled. Very soon he was able to sit up, laughing and talking as naturally as usual. And Joseph, where was he all this time? Sitting on the kitchen floor squeezing his wet clothes, and rubbing the great, painful gashes in his arms and face from which the blood was still flowing.

"Joseph!" He listened. Could he hear rightly? Was he not deceived? No; it was Farmer May's voice, but it was much more tender and gentle than it generally was. The poor apprentice (for that was what Joseph was) shook like a leaf. Before he was aware a strong arm came round behind him, lifting him from the floor. He found himself, as if by magic, sitting by the side of Harry, and Harry's bright cheek resting on his bosom, with great tears rolling down the grateful boy's face.

"Joseph, my lad, attend to what I am about to say," exclaimed the farmer huskily; "if there's anything you'd like to have, just name it. Tell me what it is, and you shall have it. You have spared

us many a year of sorrow, and given us cause to remember this Christmas before all others. Come, speak out; there's a good fellow."

Speak out, indeed. It was easy enough to command him to do that, but it was not such an easy thing for him to obey it. Quite the contrary. He felt too happy for words. Twice he had tried to gulp down the sobs rising in his throat—sobs of joy. "Only be kind to me, sir," he gasped out at last; "only drop a kind word now and then, for I hain't any mother like the rest."

What was the meaning of it? How stood matters with Farmer May? He felt at once what a great lack there had been in his heart. It quite broke him down, that appeal to his better nature. He leaned on his wife's shoulder, and could not keep back a few tears. Joseph sat as in a dream. His beautiful Christmas had come at last—no more hungering and thirsting of spirit now. How red the joyous sparks of firelight ran up the white walls—the whole room shining—Harry squeezing him tightly with one arm, and Tiny, her cheeks flushed with crying, thrusting her doll into his lap, whispering, "There, there! keep it, Joseph. I don't want it, indeed and double-deed, I don't!" and running away into the corner, her face turned to the wall, lest by a look she might repent the immense sacrifice.

Well, well, tears cannot, fortunately, last long, and very soon the May family were bright and smiling again. Joseph was the happiest of all. And when the Christmas dinner was set, and all the friends were gathered about it, they made a place for Joseph among the children. Mother May could not put near as much upon his plate as she wished in her heart to do. The poor lad felt as if he could hardly bear the weight of joy laid upon him by their kindness, and by the memory of the rescue which he had just accomplished.

The incident is a pleasant one, and does one good to read. More than one practical lesson is taught by it. But we name the following: how much good may be accomplished by a few affectionate utterances! Mark well what Joe said—*drop a kind word now and then*. To be sure. Why not? There is no earthly reason why we should not. George Herbert said, "Good words are worth much and cost little." Exactly so. No great effort is required in order to say a sympathetic thing or speak the language of affection. All that is necessary is to be on the look-out for those who need it. If we get the habit of observing the unhappy, the suffering, and the poor, we shall soon find scope for our benevolence. Let us make a point of *dropping a kind word now and then*. Heaven only can tell the good done, the evil arrested, the bliss secured if we *drop a kind word now and then*.



WITH ONE ARM HE WAS HOLDING UP POOR HARRY. (Engraved for MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED).